Queſtion your Grace the late Embaſſador,
With what regard he heard his Embaſſage,
How well ſupplied with aged Counſellors,
And how his reſolution anſwer'd him,
You then would ſay, that *Harry* was not wilde.
King. Well, thinke we *Harry* ſtrong,
And ſtrongly arme vs to preuent the foe.
Con. My Lord, heere is an Ambaſſador
From the King of England.
King. Bid him come in.
You ſee this chaſe is hotly followed, Lords.
Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this Engliſh ſhort,
Selfe-loue my Liege is not ſo vile a thing
As ſelfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother of England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maieſty;
He wils you in the name of God Almighty,
That you deueſt your ſelfe, and lay apart
That borrowed title, which by gift of heauen,
Of law, of nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his heires; namely the Crowne
And all wide ſtretched titles that belongs
Vnto the crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vaniſht daies
Nor from the duſt of old oblition rackt,
He ſends you theſe moſt mem rable lines,
In euery branch truely demonſtrated:
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his moſt famed and famous Anceſtors,
Edward the third; he bids you then reſigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the native and true Challenger.

King.